

ARTS WEEK

Music 3A

Film 6A

Digital Underground Sells Us On 'Sex Packets'



Joe Vs. The Volcano: Let's Just Say Joe Rocks



The Arts and Entertainment Section of the Daily Nexus/For the Week of April 5-12, 1990

Syllabus

Of Note This Week:

...because without art, you "reveal your lack of education, sophistication and understanding of the subject ... lack journalistic form, use incomplete sentences and provide no corroborative, detailed support of the opinion expressed." Either that, or you get way too inflamed when your play gets panned. Take your pick.

MUSIC

Top Five At My House This Week:

1. Rhythm Akimbo, "Juvenilia"
2. The Pixies, "Surfer Rosa"
3. MC 900 Foot Jesus With DJ Zero, "Hell With The Lid Off"
4. The Minutemen, "Double Nickels On The Dime"
5. Depeche Mode, "Violator"

(I didn't have time to get actual record-store top-fives this week. And besides, we're getting this sneaky suspicion the stores are giving us phony responses just to sell records. Peter Murphy? C'mon, nobody really listens to that stuff)

FILM

Tonight:

"Swimming to Cambodia," 8 p.m. at Campbell Hall, UCSB Students \$3
 "Immediate Family," 8:00 and 10:30 p.m., Isla Vista Theatre, \$3

Friday:

"Saturday Night Fever" — yes, *that* Saturday Night Fever — 7/9/11 p.m. at Isla Vista Theatre, \$3
 "Angel Heart," 7, 9 & 11 p.m. at Isla Vista Theatre, \$3

Saturday:

"Look Who's Talking," 7, 9 & 11 p.m., Isla Vista Theatre, \$3

Sunday:

"Tango and Cash," 7, 9 & 11 p.m., Isla Vista Theatre, \$3

LIVE

Tonight:

AAAAAACCCCKKKK-ACCKKK. *Ahem. Excuse me. I knew I shoulda had dinner before going out* — The world-renowned, generally non-toxic Pub Nite at the garishly flag-bedecked UCen Pub. This ribald outing features the rich, dulcet tones of The Groov and an appearance by "the soon to be famous" Circus Frequency. 8 p.m., UCSB students \$1

Saturday:

Not The Actual Messiah, But An Incredible Simulation — Handel's "Messiah," performed by the UCSB Collegiate Chorale, 8 p.m., Campbell Hall, UCSB students \$3, general \$6

Sunday:

Reading — Author Toni Morrison, 4 p.m., Campbell Hall, UCSB students \$3

Surfers

RETHINKING THE 'SURF MOVIE'

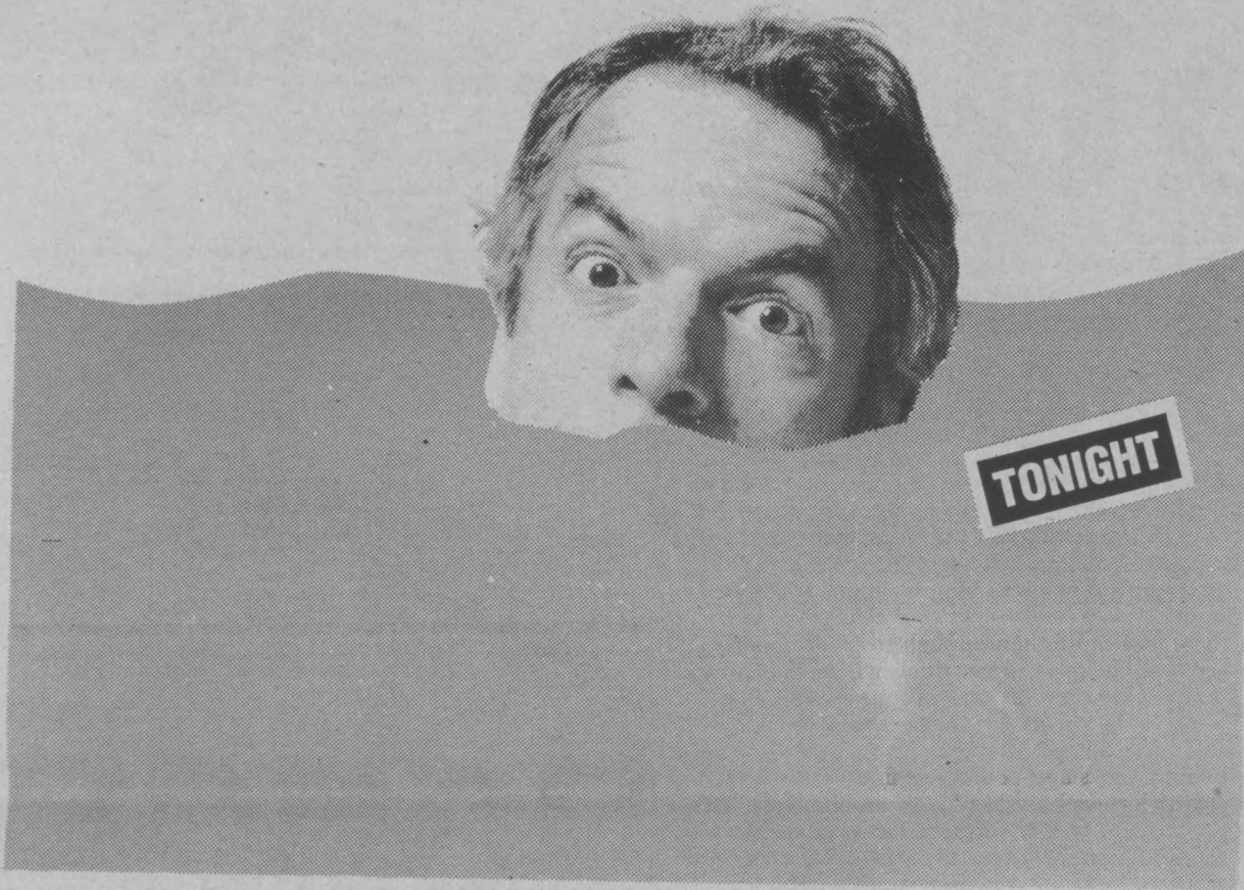
Review by Joel Brand

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JEFFREY P. MCMANUS/Daily Nexus

SPALDING GRAY'S
SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA
 A JONATHAN DEMME PICTURE



Swimming to Santa Barbara

Spalding Gray and You

Remember the '80s? This spring, UCSB Arts & Lectures offers **Encore: A Look Back at Films of the '80s**, a cinematic review of the past decade, screening at Campbell Hall on Sunday and Thursday nights at 8 PM. The series gets off to a rambunctious start with tonight's screening of *Swimming to Cambodia*, the screen version of Spalding Gray's phenomenally successful monologue in which the actor-storyteller sits at his trademark bare table and proceeds to lead us on a modern odyssey.

In a style both wry and revealing, Gray weaves together multiple plots, recounting the extraordinary adventures he had in Thailand while acting in the film *The Killing Fields*. And along the way in this 87-minute tour of Gray's imagination and America's psyche, the engrossing tales build upon one another, turning this highly personal

conversation piece into a rich tragi-comic examination of American involvement in the affairs of Asians. *Swimming to Cambodia* is directed with just the right self-effacing style by Jonathan Demme (*Stop Making Sense*) with music by Laurie Anderson.

The second film offering, *A Room With a View*, screening Sunday, April 8, is director James Ivory's witty and strikingly faithful adaptation of the novel by E. M. Forster about a young Englishwoman (Helena Bonham Carter) who falls in love but is stifled by the conservative British class system. The film also stars Maggie Smith as her upright spinster cousin and chaperone, Julian Sands as the smitten lover, and Daniel Day Lewis as Cecil Vyse, the insufferably snobbish suitor. It is exquisitely photographed in Florence, Italy, and the English countryside with a musical score featuring some of Puccini's most beautiful music.

A Literary Giant

Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist Toni Morrison reads from her work on Sunday, April 8 at 4 PM in Campbell Hall. Acclaimed for her novels and plays about the human experience, Toni Morrison won the 1977 National Book Critics Award for the novel *Song of Solomon* and in 1978 was the winner of the Distinguished Writer Award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In 1981 she was elected to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

Her most recent novel *Beloved*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1988, is the haunting story of a Kentucky slave who struggles with the dilemma of killing her daughter rather than having her live the life of a slave. The kernel of the story came from a 19th-century newspaper article, and with Morrison's powers of imagination and writing skill, *Beloved* becomes what she terms a guide to the "interior life" of the past. In a 1987 book review for the *Los Angeles Times*, novelist and critic John Leonard wrote: "It is not enough to say that the writer who grew from strength to strength from *The Bluest Eye* to *Sula* to *Song of Solomon*. . . has written a splendid novel. *Beloved* belongs on the highest shelf of American literature."



Morrison is currently writing the second work in what will become the *Beloved* trilogy. The author is the Robert F. Goheen Professor in the Humanities at Princeton University. Her reading at UCSB is sponsored by UCSB Arts & Lectures, the Departments of English and Black Studies, the Women's Center and the College of Creative Studies.

Fate of the Earth

In 1974, UC Irvine chemistry professor F. Sherwood Rowland, purely out of intellectual curiosity, used pencil and pad calculations and a simple tabletop experiment to explore the effect of an apparently innocuous industrial chemical called chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) upon the upper atmosphere. Working closely with then post-doctoral student Mario J. Molina, the two made the astounding discovery that CFCs were depleting the ozone layer of the stratosphere. Rowland and Molina also took on a \$28 billion-a-year industry that strongly challenged the scientists' findings and used everything in its public relations arsenal to discredit the scientists. It required the discovery of an ominous hole in the ozone layer half the size of Antarctica and a report in March 1988 by NASA to vindicate the researchers.

Professor Rowland will discuss the ramifications of his research at a free public lecture, titled "Our Changing Atmosphere: Stratospheric Ozone Depletion and the Greenhouse Effect," on Tuesday, April 10 at 4 PM in UCSB Campbell Hall. Presented by UCSB Arts & Lectures and the Environmental Studies Program, Rowland's talk is the 10th Annual Steven Manley Memorial Lecture.

For tickets or information call: 961-3535

UCSB
A&L
 ARTS & LECTURES

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				5 <i>Swimming to Cambodia</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	6	7
8 Toni Morrison 4 PM Campbell Hall <i>Room With A View</i> 8 PM Campbell Hall	9	10 F. Sherwood Rowland 4 PM / Free Campbell Hall	11 Spalding Gray 8 PM Campbell Hall	12 Ran 8 PM Campbell Hall	13	14

Ex-KISS Guy Ace Frehley Talks About It

By Seana Fitt
Staff Writer

The coolest kid in my third grade class was a guy named Derek. He had longer hair than all of the other boys (it almost covered his neck) and his favorite band was KISS. The rest of us were so afraid of the fire-breathing, satan-worshipping monsters with make-up all over their faces that we were in awe of his vast collection of KISS 8-tracks. Deep down, I always thought listening to that music would make Derek turn into a horrible creature.

I wonder what ever happened to Derek.

I wonder what ever happened to KISS.

I know that there is still a band called KISS who grind out one sappy pseudo "rock" album after another, but I mean the real KISS, with Paul Stanley, Gene Simmons, Peter Criss, and Ace Frehley.

"When I think of KISS I think of when I was in the group ... it's almost really not KISS without me." Frehley said in an interview over Spring Break.

Ace Frehley, who left KISS 10 years ago, has released his third solo album with his own band, Frehley's Comet. The album, "Trouble Walkin'," proves that Frehley still considers himself very much a hard rock kinda guy, thanks to the band's new line up. "It's a heavier band. My drummer's heavier, I got a new guitar player who's a real animal on stage," Frehley said.



TODD FRANCIS/Daily Nexus

After a decade of standing in the shadows of Stanley and Simmons' flamboyancy, Ace is finding he likes being the front man in his own band. "When I first started out I was kind of nervous about it, it was new for me. I'm really starting to enjoy it, especially on this tour."

Frehley originally left KISS when each of the band members decided to produce a solo album in 1978. His was the only one to spawn a top 10 single. However, according to Frehley, "KISS had kind of reached a pinna-

cle. I wanted a new challenge. That challenge was to be successful on my own. I'm still trying to achieve that. I'm still fishin' for that top 10 hit."

The stories of KISS's wild sex parties and drug use on the road during the wonderfully decadent 70's are widely known. Frehley, although unwilling to share any juicy tidbits, didn't try to deny his jaded past. Frehley believes being on the road in the 90's is a lot different. "You have to be a lot safer, a lot more reserved about what you're going to do. It's not a part of my life anymore but I would hope that the guys in bands are wearing condoms because I would hate to see rock stars start dropping like flies because of AIDS."

Frehley, as a member of KISS and the leader of his own band, has played through two decades of metal. Some of his younger contemporaries, such as Poison, claim KISS as one of their main influences. Although Frehley finds this flattering, he thinks that much of today's rock is worthless. "There's a lot of garbage out there but there's a lot of good bands too. I think probably the biggest problem with music today is that there's too many bands today period. 10 or 15 years ago there weren't anywhere near as many groups as there are today. I think the market's flooded with product."

Billy Joel Rocks, Rips Critics

By Brian Banks
Staff Writer

When Billy Joel sang "Angry Young Man" at his concert Monday night, he meant it.

Joel was miffed at a review in Monday's *L.A. Times* that charged he failed to challenge his audience. The critic said it was a "nice little" show, but really didn't add up to anything.

This got the 20-year recording veteran into a sarcastic mood that dominated his feelings and attitudes during his entertaining two-hour-plus show. Joel plays again tomorrow night and Saturday night.

"It's time to challenge the audience," he mockingly told the crowd, adding "Life isn't hard enough — you have to pay money to come here and be challenged."

Joel proceeded to stomp the crowd with trivia, but soon the joking stopped. He played a few of the hits off his new "Storm Front" album, but recognized the popularity of his old favorites. Energetic performances of "My Life," "Only the Good Die Young," and "Big Shot," all in succession, got the crowd on its feet and was the highlight of the show.

The weak spots were small but noticeable. Most had

to do with song selection. With so many popular songs to his credit, one would think Joel would try to get as many in as possible. Forgetting "Just the Way You Are" and "The Stranger," he chose instead to play "Uptown Girl" and even an out-of-place version of James Brown's "I Feel Good."

But there was more than enough to please his fans. Joel did do the shtick that drew criticism from the *Times*, noting reviewers in the audience, of course, each time he finished. The L.A. Sports Arena stage was clear of any obstruction and Joel's piano was sideways, so even those sitting behind the stage could see fine.

Joel clearly knows how to play to an audience. The center-stage piano was the site of most tunes, but he would inevitably run to one of the rotatable keyboards set in the corners for a different look and a different audience. Then it was straight to the front of the stage for an old-fashioned stand-up concert while toying with dancing, reaching fans.

He got the lighters going with the social observation of "Goodnight, Saigon" (Not, he noted, "Out of Saigon" as reported in the *Times*). But that was as challenging as he got. Billy Joel does not challenge his audience, and he would be the first to admit it. He does, however, give them one helluva show.

'Sex Packets' a Rap Classic

By Doug Arellanes
Staff Writer

Digital Underground
Sex Packets
Tommy Boy Records
★★★★

The members of Digital Underground are from Oakland, but their sound isn't like MC Hammer's. It's more like De La Soul after a trip to the re-animator; surreal, funky, and kinda creepy at times.

Their new album, "Sex Packets," is certainly the best hip-hop record in a long time; it's funny and street-smart, without being too much of either.

It's also sort of a sci-fi concept album as well,

with references to packets, or as they put it, "biochemically compacted sexual attraction." Sex in a pill, basically. The title cut manages to explain the concept and unite the trinity (sex, drugs, and rock and roll) in a ballad that samples Hendrix but still manages to sound like Soul II Soul. "You know, sex can be safer/It's a pill, wrapped in a little piece of paper," they sing. It's decadent fun, like the Kurt Weill-Berthold Brecht cabaret songs from Germany in the 1920s.

You go figure. "Packet Man" carries the idea further, except at street level. It's a sales pitch and a warning to, let's say, be safe.

The Underground's creativity extends to the terrific "Underwater Rhymes," featuring a rapper called MC Blowfish. "Well I'm a deep sea gangsta, underwater pranksta," he brags before being menaced by a shark.

The instrumentation is equally creative, managing to merge samples from Prince, Hendrix, and George Clinton, in addition to adding twists of their own. The bass line on "The Humpty Dance" is pretty tough to describe, so let it suffice that it's deep, round, and will swallow you whole. "Doo-whutchalike" features a piano solo that both copies and mocks most of soul music's hit parade of

1989. Like I said, you go figure.

Ever since I bought it, "Sex Packets" has been wearing out the argon, neutrons, protons, bonbons, and hard-ons in my laserdisc player. I highly recommend it.

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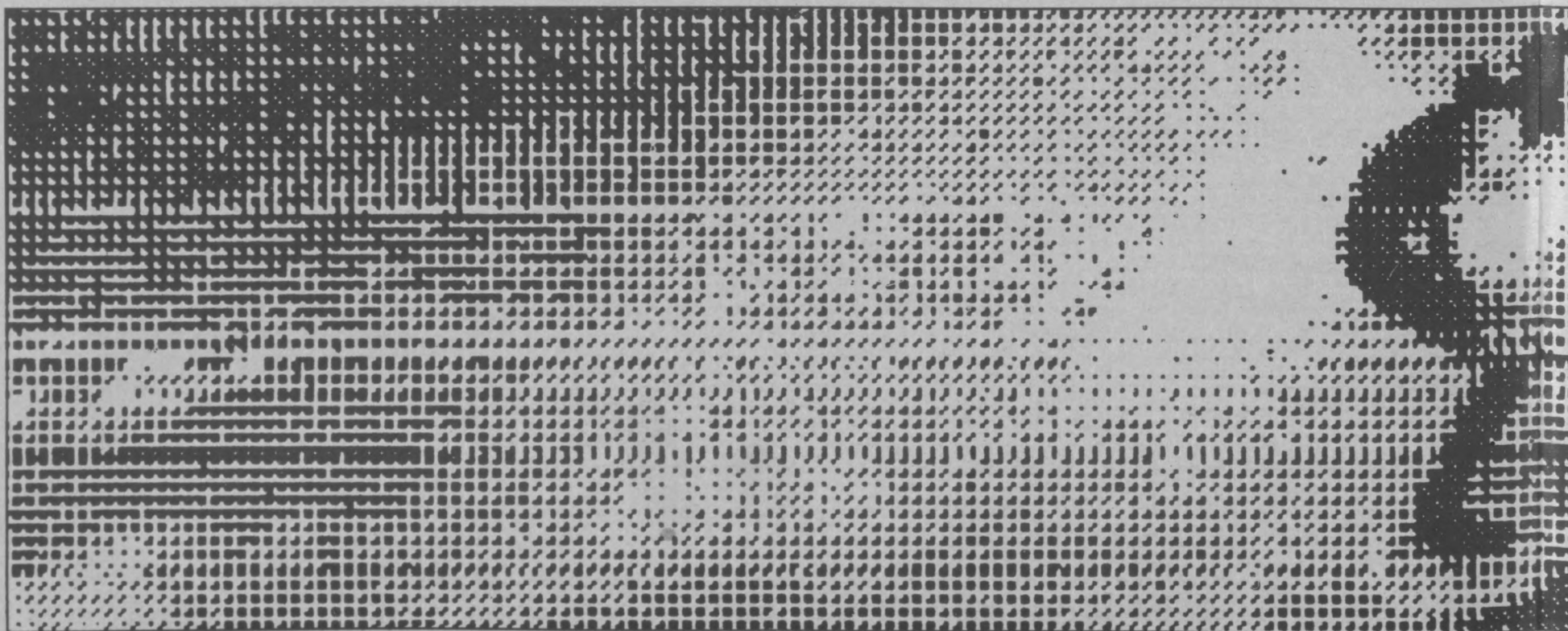
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'Surfers'

The Movie

Review:

Linking Surf's Past & Present,
New Film an Instant Classic

By Joel Brand
Staff Writer

If you've never seen a surf movie, or if you've seen every surf movie that was ever made, **Surfers, The Movie** has what you need. It encompasses the usual ho-hum surf movie thrills of big waves, big wipeouts, and big name surfers, but goes a step further, offering a cohesive piece of what it means to be a surfer and to surf. This movie is of the rare breed that provides insight into what surfing means, and it does so better than any other released. Unlike most other surf movies, it speaks to people as people and not just as surfers.

"Surfers, The Movie" brings together the past, present, and future of surfing into 90 minutes of the best surfing and surfer footage ever compiled.

Using an innovative format — an offshoot of Rolling Stone's "20 Years of Rock 'n' Roll," "Surfers" incorporates everything from current "best surfer" Tom Curren to "past best surfer" Gerry Lopez to "future best surfer" Kelly Slater and steps beyond the idea that surfing is just surfing.

"Surfers" has surfers talking about their ideologies, about what surfing means to them in language anyone can feel. The movie gives the viewer, whether a veteran surfer or corn farmer from Iowa, an overall look at what surfing is and where it came from. It is the footage of, and interviews with, surfers from the past that distinguish **Surfers**. These historical perspectives give the movie a holistic, almost academic study of what the surfing lifestyle means to those who forged it.

Bill Delaney, the man behind the movie, offers up the legacy that is surfing. He connects the present to the past.

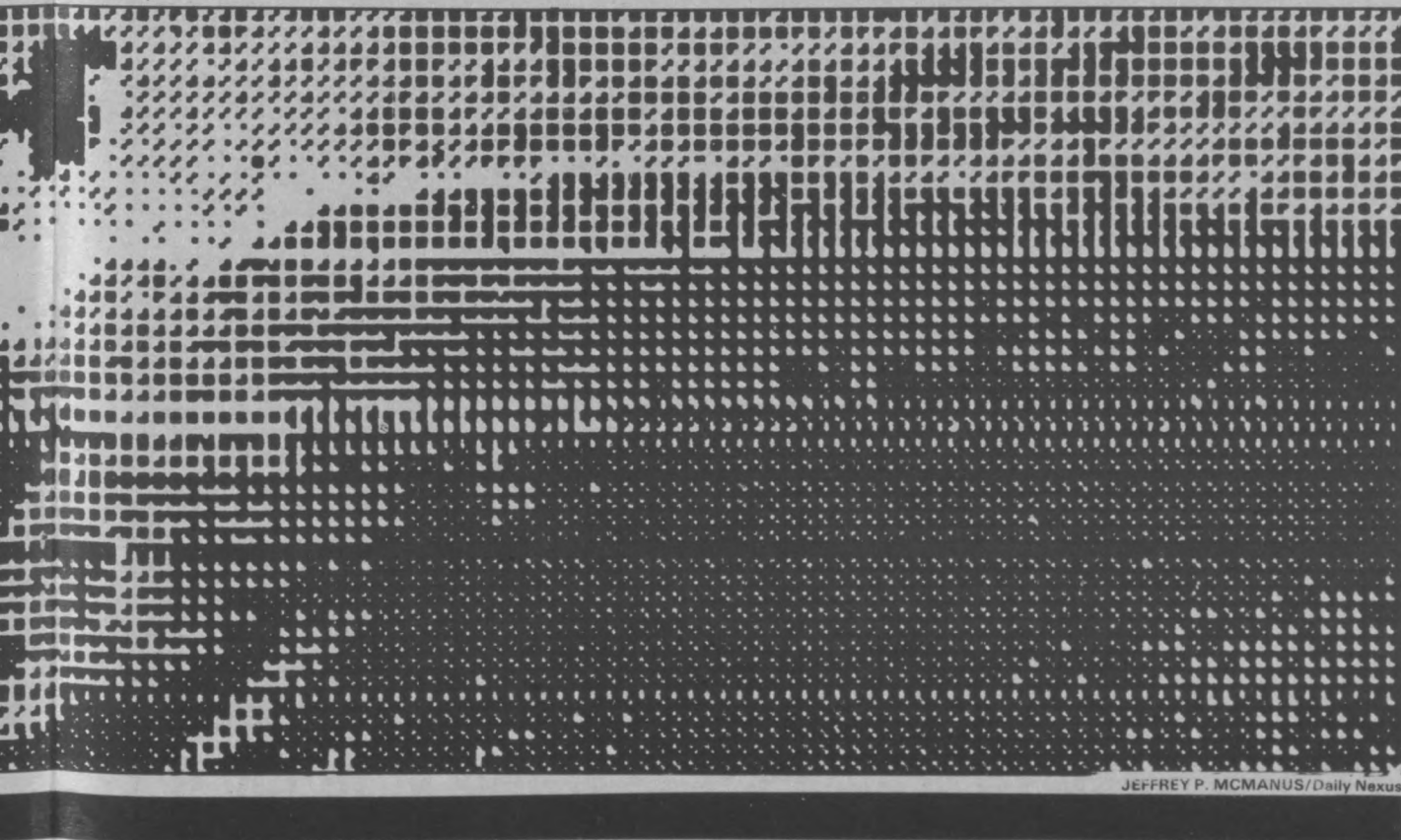
Originators Lopez, Mickey Dora, Greg "The Bull" Noll, and Al Chapman, talk about surfing. They're not just talking about riding waves, they're discussing where surfing came from and why they surf. In one part of the film, Mickey Dora, a legend from 1960's Malibu who has disappeared from the surfing world, makes a rare appearance on film. Dora explains how the sport relates to his life and offers up his opinions on today's surfing.

Many of the pioneers featured in "Surfers" are new faces to 1990's surfers, but they bring the focus back to when it was a novelty and lives were risked testing out new breaks in Hawaii.

The opening segment of the movie starts out with some driving footage of current surfing stars performing the latest maneuvers, concluding with a mind-bending Tom Curren tuberide. Curren goes on for what seems an eternity and ends with him wiping out just before making it to safety. Although he didn't make it out of the wave, it was still an impressive feat ... but wait.... Through the white-water Curren re-emerges to continue riding the wave on his stomach with his board dragging along behind him. He bodysurfs the wave for a while just having fun. When was the last time a golf pro horsed around a miniature golf course?

In an era where promotional videos from surf industry giants permeate the market and where the surf movie is becoming a thing of the past, the progressive soundtrack (including music by U2, the Pogues, Bob Marley, Jimi Hendrix, Neil Young, and The Untouchables) makes the overall "Surfers" mood an experience more than a recorded image. The movie's effect is more than the sum of the parts.

Surfers, the Movie will be playing at Campbell Hall Monday at 7 and 9 p.m., at the Victoria St. Theatre Tuesday through Thursday, and at the Ventura Theatre April 15.



JEFFREY P. MCMANUS/Daily Nexus

Top: Martin Potter getting cinematic.



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'Joe v. Volcano': Hot Lava!

Review:
We Can't Promote
Hallucinogens For
This Movie, But It
Helped Our Critic

By Jill Weiskoff
Reporter

We were completely stoned and standing in line wondering if this new Tom Hanks/Meg Ryan movie was gonna suck or be really great. Some movies can totally turn out rotten when two hot actors start thinking that they can turn anything into brilliance. Anyone see "The Money Pit?"

Well, anyway, we were really stoned and a lot of times when you get intensely high you also get nuttily paranoid. If there's one thing I hate is sitting through a disappointing movie, so I was pretty paranoid about this movie

Abe Vigoda stars as the chief of the island. Needless to say, being stoned during that part was quite rewarding.

titled **Joe Versus The Volcano**, especially when I'd heard that Meg plays three different roles in the film.

Let me end the suspense and tell you this: Joe rocks. It's one of the weirdest flicks I've seen in quite a long time. It's as fantastical as "The Blues Brothers," as psychotic as "Kentucky Fried Movie," and as fictitiously funny as "The Princess Bride."

Visually, "Joe" opens with scenes reminiscent of "Metropolis" in its impressionistic beauty. The film is in (intentionally) poor syrupy Technicolor that reminded me of bad '70s color a la "A Clock-

work Orange." As it moved along in time, however, the screen became alive at moments. Rich cinematic pastels gave the appearance that it was a fine foreign flick with gushing "Betty Blue."

The story is wild and too good to give away. So instead I'll dance around it as well as I can.

"Joe Versus The Volcano" borrows from the greatest stories in history. At times it's "Huckleberry Finn," where Hanks plays Huck and Meg plays Jim. The raft is played by six incredible suitcases.

At times it's "The Odys-

sey." Instead of meeting a cyclops, Hanks meets a multi-ethnic-Hawaiian-like Samoan tribe straight out of Gilligan's Island (with a twist).

Abe Vigoda stars as the chief of the island.

Needless to say, being stoned during that part was quite rewarding.

The music also kicks. Hanks plays the ukulele with the charm he showed in "Big" and even dances goofy in "Joe" like he did in the '88 hit. And there's even an Elvis tune.

See, fun for the whole family.

So there you have it. Thumbs up and all that. Be prepared for a pretty offbeat flick sort of in the vein of "The Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy" meets Monty Python.

Bring a towel.
Joe Versus the Volcano is playing at the **Granada Theatre**. For further information, call that danged recorded message-thingie at 963-9503.

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JOHNNY DEPP

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He's a delinquent.

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OPENS FRIDAY, APRIL 6TH AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

Video Guy For President? Mull It Over

■ **Bad Video:**
Purveyor of
Pablum Talks
About Himself
- And Video, Too

Good morning, and welcome back from Spring Break, my loyal Video Peasants.

I know that you all rushed to your local newsstand and grabbed a copy of the Nexus thinking, "Hmm, I wonder what The Video Guy did over Spring break?"

Well, let me tell you! I came to a realization. It all started as I sat watching the NEW Bradys show, and drinking beer, really great beer, like Keystone. I thought to myself, "Video Guy, what kind of America is this where a wonderful, little, classic sitcom like 'The Brady Bunch' can be twisted into a one hour mutant hybrid of 'thirtysomething,' 'Knots Landing' and 'Mama's Family'?" On a Friday night, no less. Mike, Gregg, guys, the mustaches have to go.

Anyway, I'm sitting there, saying to myself, "What can be done to pull this country out of the depths of such depravity as Pay-Per-View and Adam Curry, MTV VJ extraordinaire?" Then it hit me.

The Video Guy is going to run for president.

"But, Video Guy," you declare, "don't you have to be really old to run for president?"

Yeah, of course, but the way I see it, if a really good fake I.D. can get me booze at many of IV's finest shops and boutiques, how's the FBI going to be able to figure out that it's not real?

I have already picked out my running mate. At first, I was set on Rob ("the Rod") Lowe, because that way I wouldn't have to worry about hidden sex scandals, or any nonsense like that coming to light. However, in the end, I have chosen a student of UCSB: Kevin "The Trout" Casagrande, because he can do a mean Lambada and chicks dig that.

Trout and I, The Video Guy, have made several



expected and needed decisions. All states must lower their drinking ages to seven, or lose all funding for everything. A presidential pardon goes to James Brown. We will build a stadium at the White House, and demand that all Superbowls, NBA Championships, World Series, Stanley Cups, Indy 500s, WWF Wrestlemanias and Miss Nude USAs be held there.

Northern and Southern California will become two separate states. We will give the Raiders back to LA, and give Oakland the Seattle Mariners as a consolation prize.

We have also made a few decisions not as standard as these.

First of all, the CIA will be changed to the CSIA: Celebrity Search Investigations Agency. The fine young men and women who serve as part of this elite group will spend the rest of their lives tracking

down famous people who are believed to still be alive. Namely, Jim Morrison, Elvis, and most importantly, Bruce Lee.

Every time Congress meets, it's going to be with a specific theme in mind. For example, "This is the 315th meeting of Congress. All reps are present. The theme is Hawaiian." All the members would be decked out in grass skirts and cornball shirts.

Finally, there is one other decision Trout and I, The Video Guy, have made. It is so crucial for world peace, security and comfort, that Ron, George, Jimmy, Gerry and even the Gorbster will say, "Gee, I wish I'd thought of that."

"Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity" will be the national Motion Picture.

One of the few films to actually earn a "12" on the Mondo-Movie-Beer-o-Meter, "Slave Girls" is a multi-thousand dollar epic, with a cast of seven. As the cover of the film dictates, "Big Film, Big Production, Big Girls."

It's a rehashing of the short story, "The Most

Dangerous Game," which we all read in High School. For those of you who are illiterate, it was also the basis for an episode of "Fantasy Island." It's about man hunting man, or man hunting slave girl.

These two slave girls manage to escape from the slave trader space ship by "reversing the polarity in their handcuffs." Whatever the hell that means. They crash land on a planet and are discovered by the evil-yet-charming Zed. Everyone in this movie has one syllable names.

Anyway, finding that their gunny sack slave-bikinis don't show off their well-toned slave bodies well enough, the slave girls hop into lingerie provided by the evil-yet-charming Zed. After this,

lots of people fight, pretend to be scared of cheap special effects, and argue with sophomoric dialogue, and it's all really funny.

Every single female in this film, slave girl or not, finds an excuse to go topless. Nothing spices up a film better than completely useless nudity. Being the Upstanding Video Guy that I am, I am thoroughly offended by this tasteless use of tits and ass. Yeah, right.

I cannot do justice to this piece of art with words. Unfortunately, it is very difficult to find. I am still looking for a store here in Santa Barbara that has it. When I find one, you'll be the first to know. You must see this 12-beer movie. Oh, yeah. Vote Video Guy/Trout in 1992.

Funky & Fun

Cards & Gifts



1221 State St. (Victoria Court)

Ozzy Osbourne
"Just Say Ozzy"
Epic Records
★★★

Ozzy Osbourne, one of heavy metal's most reliable institutions, has released yet another batch of live recordings. "Just Say Ozzy" is an EP consisting of 3 of Ozzy's latest singles and 3 Black Sabbath stalwarts. I would love to bash on the "bat man" for releasing such a cheap-shot compilation, yet I have to agree with Ozzy's liner notes:

"When my record company came up with this EP idea my first thought was 'Oh no, not another version of old Sabbath songs with a couple of mine thrown in.' But when I started to listen to all the shows we had played on my last tour, my thoughts changed."

"Just Say Ozzy" is saved from being just another poorly packaged commercial venture by its incredible music. The sound is consummate Ozzy: grinding, raw rock and roll. The recording of "Shot in the Dark" sounds like almost a completely different song from the watered down version released on "Ultimate Sin." "Miracle Man" and "Bloodbath in Pa-

SOUND BITES

radise," from Ozzy's most recent album "No Rest for the Wicked," are two of his best songs in years. The live recordings only make them better.

As for the three Sabbath tunes, what can I say? Ozzy as only Ozzy can be.

"Just say Ozzy" is another gem for any fan's treasure chest of Ozzy albums. For those who think Ozzy Osbourne is nothing but a blood-sucking-bat psycho whose music is loud and obnoxious, go buy the new Depeche Mode. This album is definitely not for you.

— Seana Fitt

Sanctuary
"Into the Mirror Black"
Epic Records
★★

For all those Iron Maiden fans feeling left out in the cold by the probable demise of England's most notorious metal band, your sanctuary has arrived.

"Into the Mirror Black" is the second album by Seattle band Sanctuary. After I had listened to the first song on the tape I had to make sure I hadn't put Maiden's "Somewhere in Time" in by mistake. Sanctuary's spooky sound, grinding guitar intros and hollered vocals all combine to create the perfect Maiden clone. Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that's necessarily wrong. Heavy Metal could use another band like this.

Fortunately, there is nothing on "Into the Mirror Black" that could even remotely pass for a single, unless they want to try and do what Metallica did with "One." Every song on the album is longer than any Y/97 dee jay could handle, and the lyrics are not exactly boy meets girl. "Feel my pain, live my sorrow, Do you know me, I am destruction," is the opening line of "Seasons of Destruction." Robert Frost it ain't, but the words are just vicious enough to keep the

most ardent head banger happy.

If true heavy metal is what you're looking for, then Sanctuary is the band for you.

— Seana Fitt

ARTS WEEK Be safe, man.
April 5, 1990

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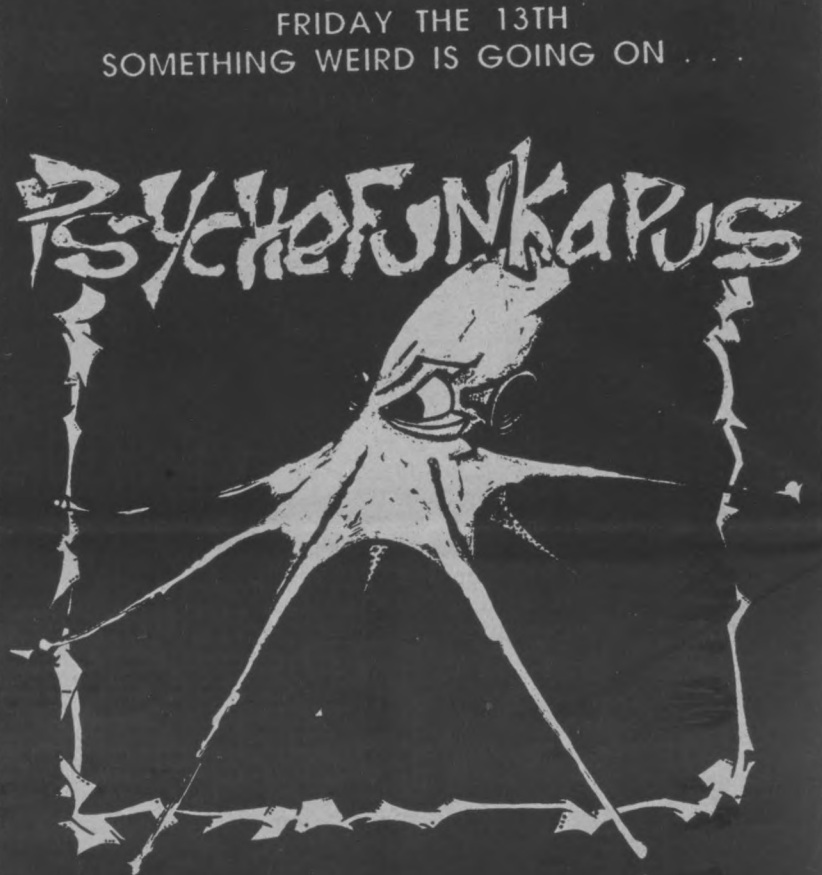


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